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HYMN SERVICE

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

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Division SCP

Section 3269

HYMN SERVICE

FOR THE

Sunday School.



COMPOSED, COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

✓
Rev. ROB'T LOWRY, W. HOWARD DOANE, Dr. D. A. WHEDON, and Dr. JOHN H. VINCENT.

EMBRACING HYMNS AND SONGS, NEW AND OLD, APPROPRIATE TO THE

International Lessons for 1879.

PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN,

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EXPLANATION.

As a work of convenience to Superintendents and Choristers in selecting appropriate hymns and music for the Song Service in connection with the study of the International Lessons in the Sunday School, this book has been prepared.

To the many Sunday Schools that cannot afford to indulge too frequently in the more expensive music books in common use, this little volume will prove to be a welcome compilation, both with regard to cheapness and excellence.

No effort has been made to parade a long list of unknown writers, with a mass of untried or inferior compositions, as if merit was inseparable from superficial variety; but all the material has been taken from the pens of composers whose names are familiar words in the great Sunday School household.

A careful selection of standard hymns without music, from Hymnals used in different churches, and adapted to the Lessons of 1879, has been made by Rev. D. A. WHEDON, D. D. Fifty-two solid hymns, tested by long use, and bearing directly on all the Lessons of the year, constitute a notable feature of this collection.

At the end of the book will be found a full Index of the Lessons for 1879, with three or more hymns indicated as having adaptedness to each Lesson.

HYMN SERVICE

FOR THE

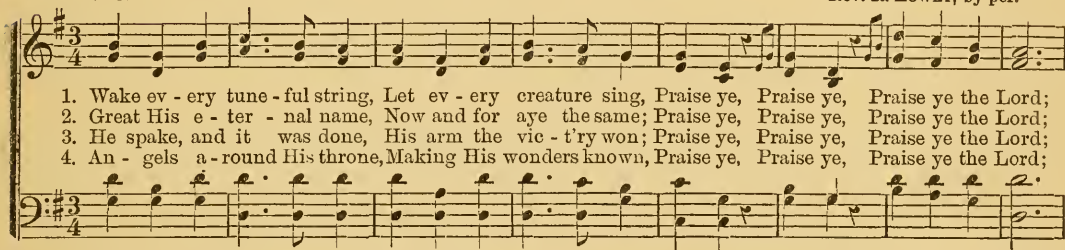
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No. 1.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

F. J. C.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



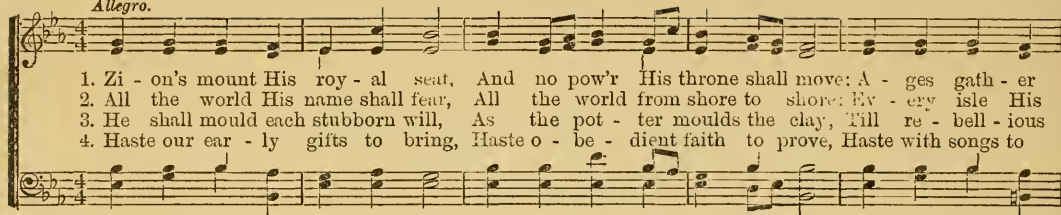
1. Wake ev - ery tune - ful string, Let ev - ery creature sing, Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
 2. Great His e - ter - nal name, Now and for aye the same; Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
 3. He spake, and it was done, His arm the vic - t'ry won; Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;
 4. An - gels a - round His throne, Making His wonders known, Praise ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord;



Maker of earth and sea, We lift our hearts to Thee, With loft-y mel - o - dy; Praise ye the Lord.
 Firm as the mountain band Gird-ing the fer - tile land, His truth shall ev - er stand; Praise ye the Lord.
 He, from se - pul - chral night Lift - ing the soul to light, Crowns it with glory bright; Praise ye the Lord.
 O ye redeemed on high, Down thro' the a - zure sky Ech - o the glad reply—Praise ye the Lord.

F. J. C.
Allegro.

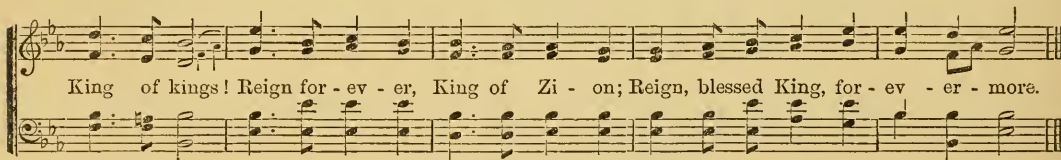
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Zi - on's mount His roy - al seat, And no pow'r His throne shall move: A - ges gath - er
 2. All the world His name shall fear, All the world from shore to shore: Ev - ery isle His
 3. He shall mould each stubborn will, As the pot - ter moulds the clay, Till re - bell - ious
 4. Haste our ear - ly gifts to bring, Haste o - be - dient faith to prove, Haste with songs to



CHORUS.
 at His feet, Son of God's E - ter - nal love. Hail, hail, King of Zi - on! Hail, Lord of lords, and
 voice shall hear, And the heathen rage no more.
 hearts are stilled, And submissive to His sway.
 Zi - on's King, Son of God's E - ter - nal Love.



King of kings! Reign for - ev - er, King of Zi - on; Reign, blessed King, for - ev - er - more.

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3

8, 7, 4. Tune—ZION.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the Man of sorrows now:
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow:

Crown Him, crown Him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
 2 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station:
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

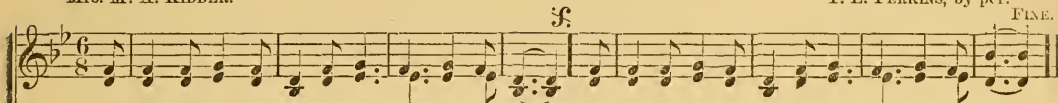
THINE EYE CAN SEE.

4

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

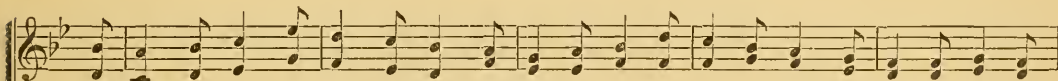
FINE.



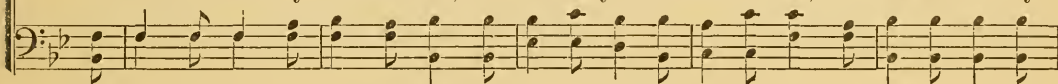
1. Dear Saviour, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My many wants, my trials too, Thine eye can see;
2. Do clouds obscure my morning sun? Thine eye can see; Do friends forsake me, one by one? Thine eye can see;
3. When evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pillow calm I sleep, Thine eye can see;



d. s.—Thank God! whatever be my lot. Thine eye can see.

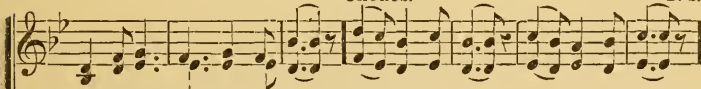


Where'er I dwell it matters not, My home a palace or a cot; Thank God! whatever
Have I no home, no resting-place? Still opened are Thine arms of grace; The tear of sorrow
I thank Thee for Thy watchful care, How sweet Thy tender love to share, And know that every



CHORUS.

D. S.



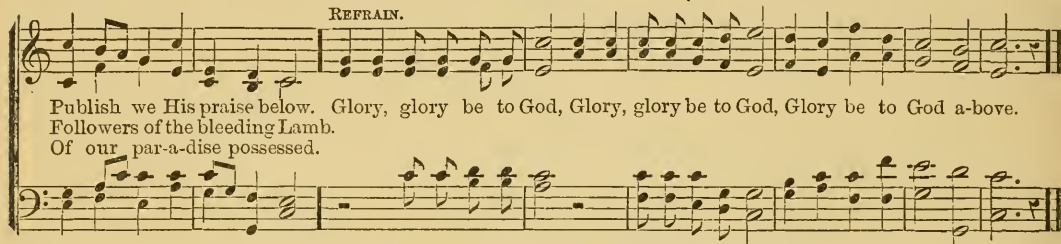
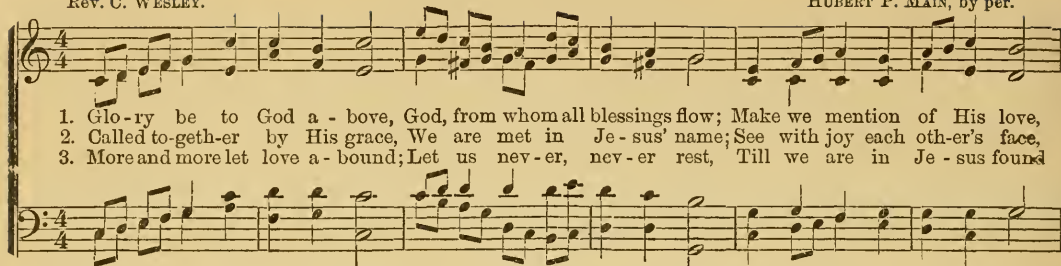
be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can see;
on my face Thine eye can see.
grief I bear Thine eye can see.



4 If I will serve Thee day by day,
Thine eye can see;
If from Thy pleasant paths I stray,
Thine eye can see;
Oh, take my heart, my will subdue,
And may I ever keep in view,
That all I think and all I do
Thine eye can see.—*Cho.*

Rev. C. WESLEY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



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6

S. M. Tune—DENNIS.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

7

12, 6. Tune—LUCAS.

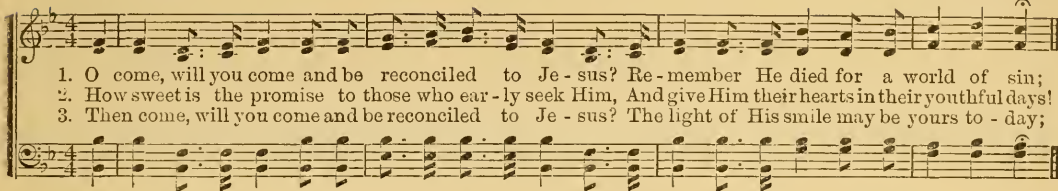
- 1 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to-
 do!"
 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
 word:
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"

COME AND BE RECONCILED TO JESUS.

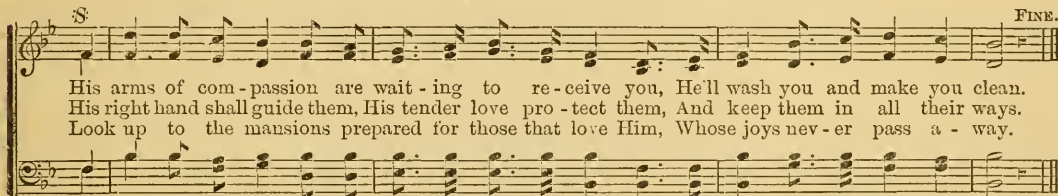
8, 9

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THOS. J. COOK, by per.



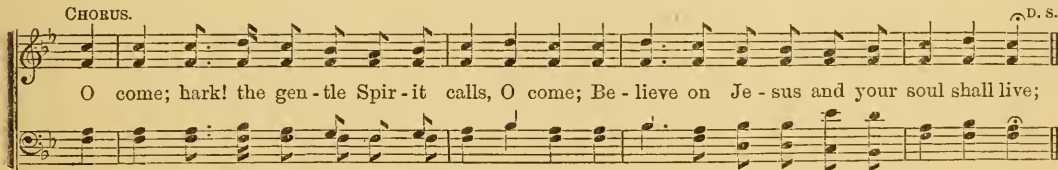
1. O come, will you come and be reconciled to Je - sus? Re - member He died for a world of sin;
 2. How sweet is the promise to those who ear - ly seek Him, And give Him their hearts in their youthful days!
 3. Then come, will you come and be reconciled to Je - sus? The light of His smile may be yours to - day;



His arms of com - passion are wait - ing to re - ceive you, He'll wash you and make you clean.
 His right hand shall guide them, His tender love pro - tect them, And keep them in all their ways.
 Look up to the mansions prepared for those that love Him, Whose joys nev - er pass a - way.

d. s. The wa - ter that flows from the heal - ing fount of mer - cy, The Sav - iour will free - ly give.

CHORUS.



O come; hark! the gen - tle Spir - it calls, O come; Be - lieve on Je - sus and your soul shall live;

9

7s, 6 lines. *Tune*—ROSEFIELD.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear!
 "Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On His pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

TRUST THE LORD.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Is thy path-way often drear? Trust the Lord, Trust the Lord; His right hand is ev - er near,
2. When with fear thy spirit quakes, Trust the Lord, Trust the Lord; Je - sus knows the way He takes,

Though thy sight be dim; What though dangers round thee press—Friends desert and foes dis - tress?
Walk with Him by faith; Clinging to His mighty arm, Let no foe thy soul a - larm;

3.
Nev - er doubt His lov - ing-ness; Leave thy way with Him.
He will keep thee safe from harm, Constant un - to death.

Then go singing on thy way,
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord;
He will turn thy night to day—
Every sorrow share;
Grace for every need is stored
By the promise of His Word;
“Cast thy burden on the Lord;”
None can perish there.

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11

S. M. Tune—BOYLSTON.

- 1 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
2 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love, [knows
Sees all Thy children's wants, and
What best for each will prove.

- 3 Thou every-where hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path, unsullied light.

12

C. P. M. Tune—WILLOUGHBY.

- 1 Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:

Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

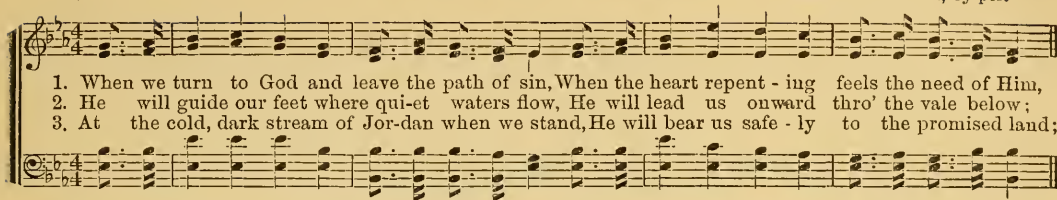
2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through Thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

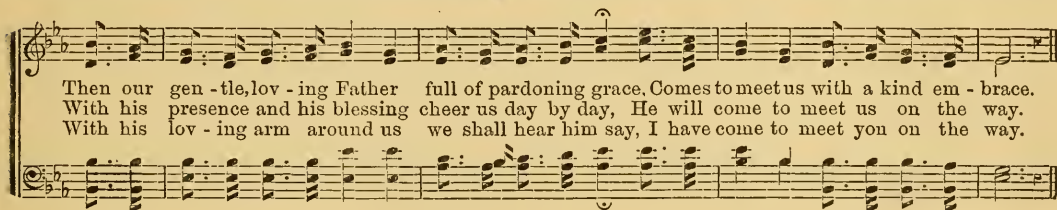
13

F. J. C.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.

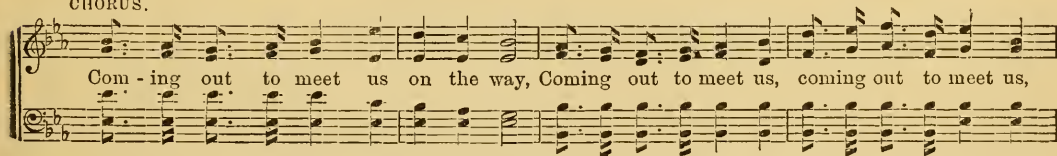


1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repent - ing feels the need of Him,
 2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us onward thro' the vale below;
 3. At the cold, dark stream of Jor-dan when we stand, He will bear us safe - ly to the promised land;

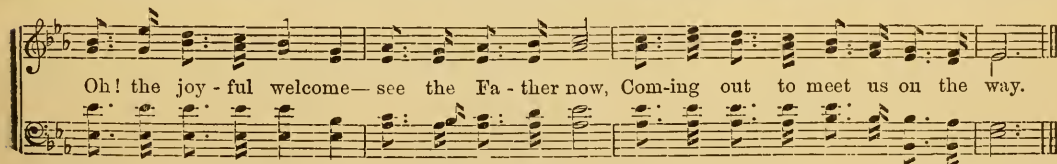


Then our gen - tle, lov - ing Father full of pardoning grace, Comes to meet us with a kind em - brace.
 With his presence and his blessing cheer us day by day, He will come to meet us on the way.
 With his lov - ing arm around us we shall hear him say, I have come to meet you on the way.

CHORUS.



Com - ing out to meet us on the way, Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us,



Oh! the joy - ful welcome— see the Fa - ther now, Com - ing out to meet us on the way.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Our christian life is onward, As strangers here we roam; The Saviour is our por-tion, The
 2. Our christian life is onward, We're pilgrims of a day; We brought to earth no treasure, And
 3. Our christian life is onward, Thro' storm, and toil, and care, But ev-ery cross for Je-sus, With

REFRAIN.

world is not our home. Our path is ev-er on-ward, Tho' darts of fire be hurled; For,
 naught can take a-way.
 cheer-ful hope we bear.

like our bless-ed Mas-ter, We are not of the world.

4.

Our christian life is onward,
 To mansions of the blest;
 Where sweet will be our welcome,
 When Jesus bids us rest.

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15

L. M. Tune—FEDERAL STREET.

- 1 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good;
 Nor future days nor powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 2 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To Him who for my ransom died;

Nor could all worldly honor give
 Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

16

S. M. Tune—LISBON.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

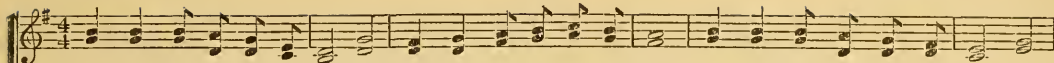
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
 Where Thou, my God, art seen,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

17

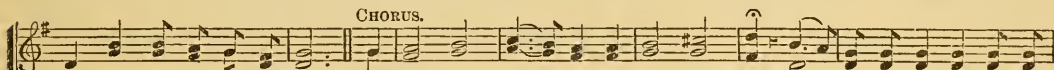
R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.



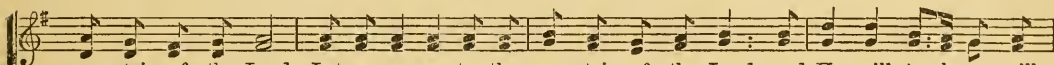
1. Yes, a brighter morn is breaking, Bet-ter days are coming on; All the world will be a - wak - ing
 2. In the day of coming glo - ry, Men will show fraternal hand; Each will tell to each the sto - ry,
 3. On the top of Zi-on's mountain, God prepares His house again; At its threshold springs a fountain,

CHORUS.

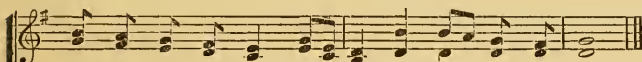


In the new and golden dawn. And ma - ny na - tions shall come, and say, Come, let us go up to the
 Till it spreads to every land.
 Flowing for the souls of men.

And ma - ny na - tions shall come and say,



mountain of the Lord, Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord; and He will teach us, will



teach us of His ways; and we will walk in His paths.

4.
 From the earth's remotest stations,
 Men will come to hear the word;
 And, in all the world, the nations
 Shall be nations of the Lord.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod - ing care, Safe from the world's tempta - tions,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,

rit. *End.*
 Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. Chorus.
 O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.
 CHO.—Safe in the arms, &c.

COUNSEL. S. M. D.

19—21

PAUL GERHARDT.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-mayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 2. Still heav-y is thy heart? Still sink thy spirits down? Cast off the night, let fear de-part,
 D. s. — Wait thou His time, so shall the night
 D. s. — When ful-ly He the work hath wrought

FINE. D. S.

God shall lift up thy head. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent-ly clears thy way;
 Soon end in joy-ous day.
 And ev-ry care be gone. Far, far a-bove thy thought, His counsel shall ap-pear;
 That caused thy need-less fear.

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20

7s. Tune—NUREMBERG.

- 1 Thank and praise Jehovah's name;
 For His mercies, firm and sure,
 From eternity the same,
 To eternity endure.
- 2 Let the elders praise the Lord,
 Him let all the people praise,
 When they meet with one accord,
 In His courts on holy days.

- 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
 Praise Him from the depths beneath;
 Praise Him in the heights above;
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

21

S. M. Tune—LABAN.

- 1 Thy word, almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
 To slay the man of sin.

- 2 Thy word is power and life;
 It bids confusion cease,
 And changes envy, hatred, strife,
 To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
 The gospel's glorious sound;
 And all its fruits, from day to day,
 Be in us and abound.

22, 23

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

IN TIME OF NEED.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Were it not for Thee, my Saviour, Were it not for Thee, Ad - vo - cate and In - ter - ces - sor, Where would I be?
 2. Were it not that love and mercy With my Lord abide, When my conscience is o'ertaken, Where should I hide
 3. Were it not that Thou hast promised Freely to for-give, In the face of my transgressions How could I live?
 4. If there were no cross uplift-ed High on Calva-ry, There would be no hope of pardon, No heaven for me.

CHORUS.

How could I do with-out Thee, Saviour and Friend? Thou art my on - ly ref - uge, Safe to the end.

23

MARY MASTERS. 1755.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give—In the light, in the light: Sweetest pleasure while we live—In the light of God. }
 { 'Tis re - lig - ion must supply—In the light, in the light: Sol - id com - fort when we die—In the light of God. }
 2. { After death its joys will be—In the light, in the light: Lasting as e - ter - ni - ty—In the light of God. }
 { Be the living God my Friend—In the light, in the light: Then my bliss shall never end—In the light of God. }

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT. Concluded.

24

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light. Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

24

REV. THOS. HAWELS.

BRIGHTNESS. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. En - throned on high, al - might - y Lord, The Ho - ly Ghost send down; Ful -
 2. Spir - it of life, and light, and love, Thy heav - en - ly in - fluence give; Quick -
 3. To our be - night - ed minds re - veal The glo - ries of His grace, And

fill.... in us.... Thy faith - ful word, And all Thy mer - cies crown.
 en.... our souls, our guilt re - move, That we in Christ may live.
 bring us where no clouds con - ceal The bright - ness of.... His face.

OUR HOME BRIGHT AND FAIR.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Now the Sav-iour in-vites you to come, And fly to the arms of His love; In His kingdom of
 2. Are you thirsty? re-mem-ber the call, Oh come, and sal-va-tion re-ceive; For the fountain is
 3. Are you wea-ry and sigh-ing for rest? To Je-sus, your ref-uge, re-pair; He will pil-low your
 4. To the faithful a promise is given, Who meekly His counsel o-bey, Of a crown of re-

CHORUS.
 grace there is room, And a mansion of glo-ry a-bove. { O-ver Jor-dan a home bright and
 o-pen to all Who will tru-ly re-pent and be-lieve. { We shall rest by and by from our
 head on His breast, If you seek Him by watching and prayer.
 joic-ing in heaven, And a treasure that fades not a-way.

1st. bright and fair.
 fair..... Our Saviour has gone to pre-pare; }
 care..... (Omit.....) } In that home..... bright and fair.
 bright and fair,
 from our care
 In that home bright and fair.

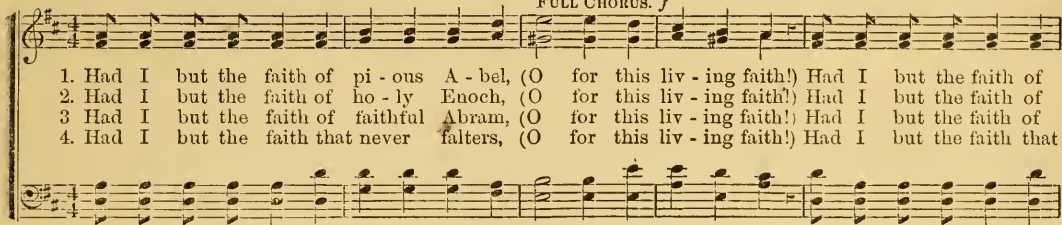
SONG OF FAITH.

26

F. J. C.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

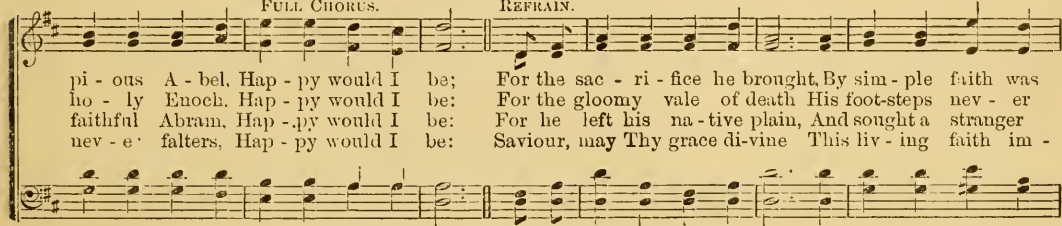
FULL CHORUS. *f*



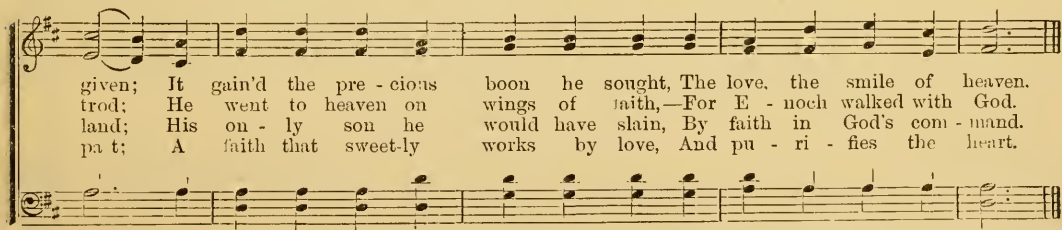
1. Had I but the faith of pi - ous A - bel, (O for this liv - ing faith!) Had I but the faith of
 2. Had I but the faith of ho - ly Enoch, (O for this liv - ing faith!) Had I but the faith of
 3. Had I but the faith of faithful Abram, (O for this liv - ing faith!) Had I but the faith of
 4. Had I but the faith that never falters, (O for this liv - ing faith!) Had I but the faith that

FULL CHORUS.

REFRAIN.



pi - ous A - bel, Hap - py would I be; For the sac - ri - fice he brought, By sim - ple faith was
 ho - ly Enoch, Hap - py would I be; For the gloomy vale of death His foot-steps nev - er
 faithful Abram, Hap - py would I be; For he left his na - tive plain, And sought a stranger
 nev - e' falters, Hap - py would I be; Saviour, may Thy grace di - vine This liv - ing faith im -



given; It gain'd the pre - cious boon he sought, The love, the smile of heaven.
 trod; He went to heaven on wings of faith,—For E - noch walked with God.
 land; His on - ly son he would have slain, By faith in God's com - mand.
 pa t; A faith that sweet-ly works by love, And pu - ri - fies the heart.

27, 28

J. J. WINKLER.

SAVIOUR OF MEN. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Saviour of men, Thy searching eye Doth all mine in - most thoughts desery; Doth aught on earth my
 2. The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wandering souls of men; With cries, en - treaties,

3.
 wish - es raise, Or the world's pleasures, or its praise? Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 tears, to save, — To snatch them from the gap - ing grave. Thy faithful witness will I be:
 'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee.

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28

WM. STEVENSON.

FATHER, AT THY FEET.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Father, at Thy feet con - fessing All my weakness, all my sin — Seeking not my guilt to cover, Hiding naught of
 2. Pleading at Thy throne of mercy Nothing good that I have done, But, with humble faith relying On the merits

REFRAIN.

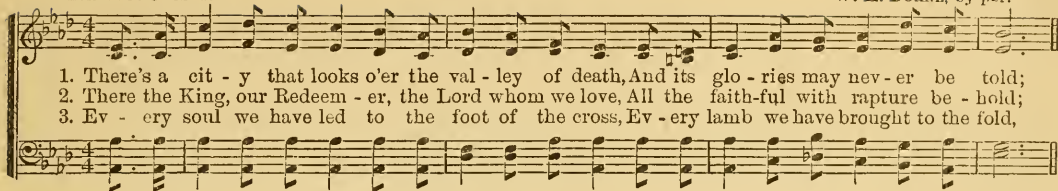
3.
 stain within, — O my Father! hear me, Hear me, hear me now, I pray.
 of Thy Son, —
 Grant but this my weak petition, —
 Purge my soul from earthly dross;
 Make me more and more like Jesus:
 Keep me nearer to His cross. — Ref.

CITY OF GOLD.

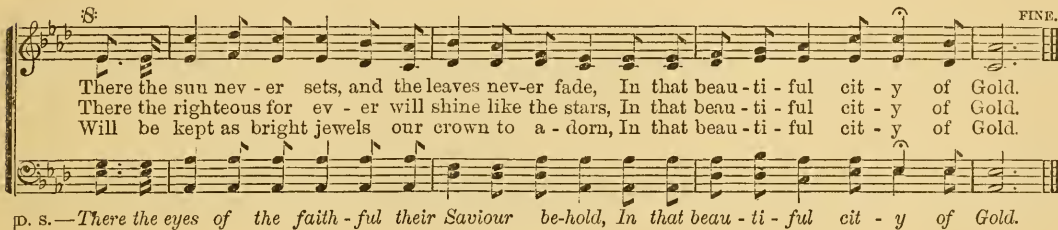
29, 30

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



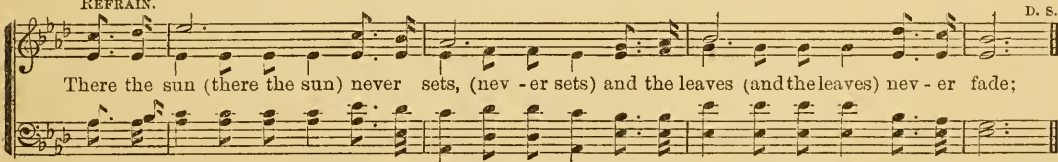
1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glo - ries may nev - er be told;
2. There the King, our Redeem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith - ful with rapture be - hold;
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery lamb we have brought to the fold,



There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.
There the righteous for ev - er will shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.

p. s.—There the eyes of the faith - ful their Saviour be-hold, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.

REFRAIN.



There the sun (there the sun) never sets, (nev - er sets) and the leaves (and the leaves) nev - er fade;

30

L. M. Tune—HAMBURG.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

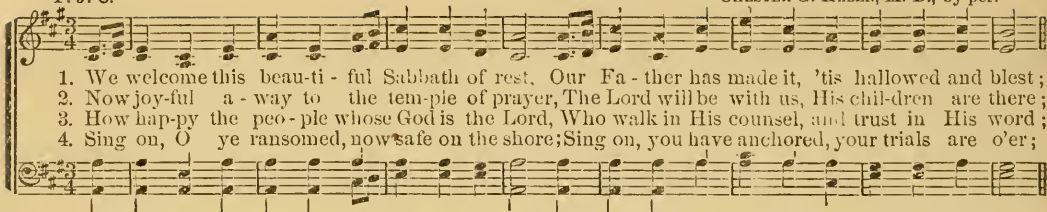
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

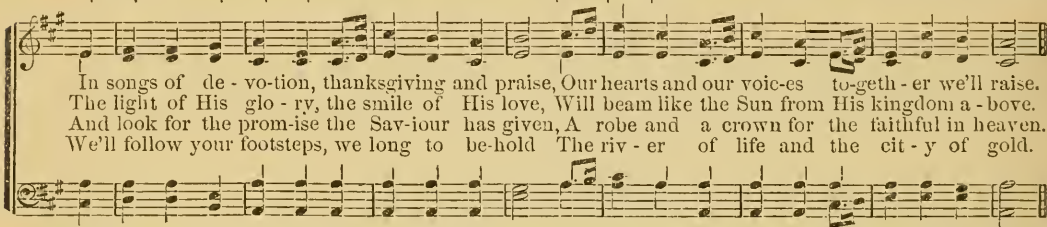
SABBATH WELCOME.

F. J. C.

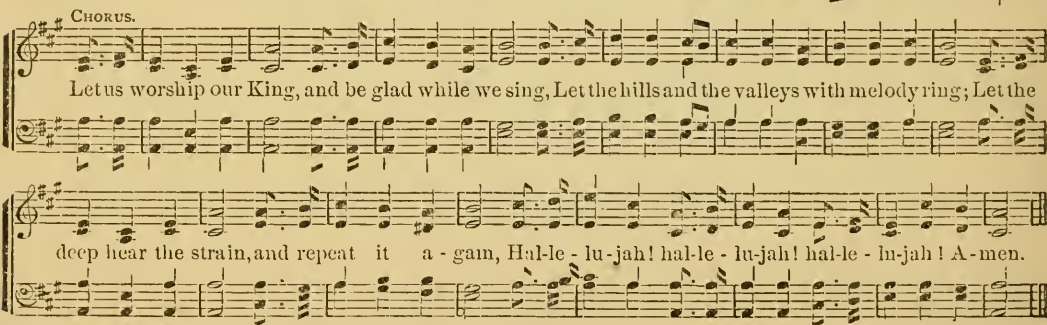
CHESTER G. ALLEN, M. D., by per.



1. We welcome this beau-ti - ful Sabbath of rest, Our Fa - ther has made it, 'tis hallowed and blest;
 2. Now joy-ful a - way to the tem-ple of prayer, The Lord will be with us, His chil-dren are there;
 3. How hap-py the peo-ple whose God is the Lord, Who walk in His counsel, and trust in His word;
 4. Sing on, O ye ransomed, now safe on the shore; Sing on, you have anchored, your trials are o'er;



In songs of de - vo-tion, thanksgiving and praise, Our hearts and our voic-es to-geth - er we'll raise.
 The light of His glo - ry, the smile of His love, Will beam like the Sun from His kingdom a - bove.
 And look for the prom-ise the Sav-iour has given, A robe and a crown for the faithful in heaven.
 We'll follow your footsteps, we long to be-hold The riv - er of life and the cit - y of gold.



CHORUS.
 Let us worship our King, and be glad while we sing, Let the hills and the valleys with melody ring; Let the
 deep hear the strain, and repeat it a - gam, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

32 7s, 6 lines. *Tune*—ALETIA.

1 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

2 Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and
fame,

Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if Thine I die.

33 C. P. M. *Tune*—MERIBAH.

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for
naught;
But if our works in Thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

34 C. M. *Tune*—ARLINGTON.

1 Workman of God! O lose no heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Then learn to scorn the praise of
men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee His road.

35 7s, 6 lines. *Tune*—SABBATH.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

36 C. M. *Tune*—MANOAH.

1 O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

2 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;

If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

37 L. M. *Tune*—HE LEADETH ME.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
CHO. He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in
mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me! CHO.

38 L. M. *Tune*—UNBRIDGE.

1 O who like Thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, Thou Light of light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

2 O who like Thee so humbly bore
Thescorn, thescoffs of men before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

3 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

4 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conform'd to Thee,
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And, like Thee, all my journey run

MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Helpless I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign; I lose my weak - ness
 2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray; He spoiled the hosts of
 3. Tho' clou - ds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong, In Je - sus' name I'll

REFRAIN.

in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine. My soul will o - ver - come by the
 death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
 strug - gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver -

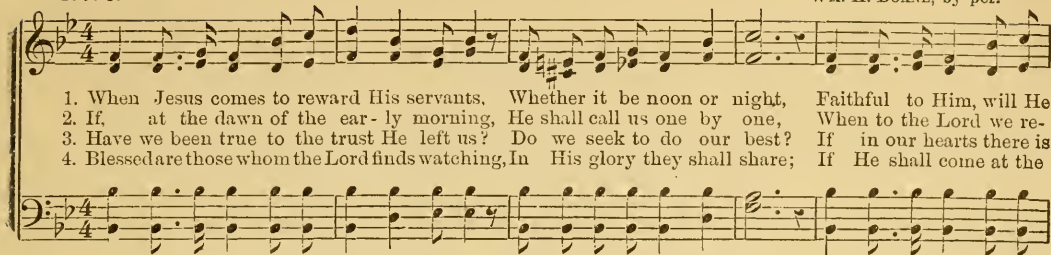
come, o - ver - come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.
 O - ver - come, My soul will o - ver - come.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

40

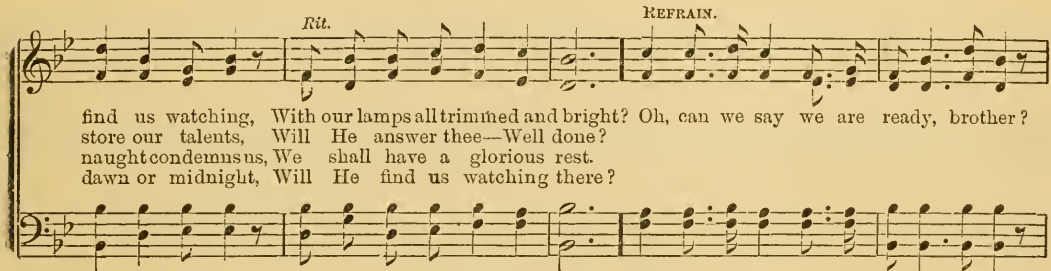
F. J. C.

WM. H. DOANE, by per.

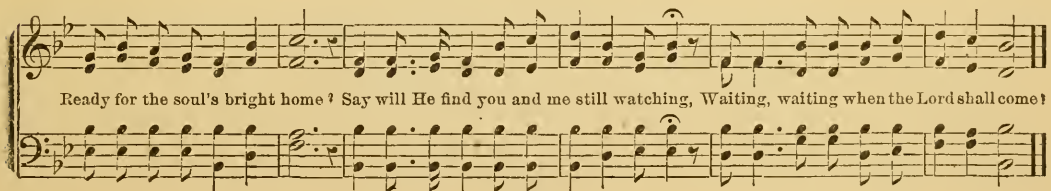


1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to Him, will He
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is
 4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share; If He shall come at the

Rit. REFRAIN.



find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright? Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
 store our talents, Will He answer thee—Well done?
 naught condemn us, We shall have a glorious rest.
 dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?



Ready for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come!

F. J. C.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. 'Twas the love of Christ our Saviour Paid for us the debt of sin, Opened wide the gate of mer - cy,
 2. 'Tis the love of Christ our Saviour Now constrains us to believe; And the glorious gos - pel ti - ding;

REFRAIN.

Bidding every one come in. Hark! His messengers are tell - ing How the path of tears he trod;
 Of redemp - tion to receive.

In His stead, O hear them praying, "Be ye reconciled to God."

3 On the love of Christ our Saviour
 Hangs our hope beyond the grave;
 Grace through faith alone will pardon,
 Love through faith alone will save.

4 'Tis the love of Christ our Saviour
 Takes from death the gloom away,
 Fills the soul with highest rapture,
 Wakes in heaven the sweetest lay.

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42

L. M. Tune—DUKE STREET.

- 1 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 2 Wide as the world is Thy command;
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

43

S. M. Tune—STATE STREET.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,

Move with one impulse every
 mind;
 One soul, one feeling breathe.

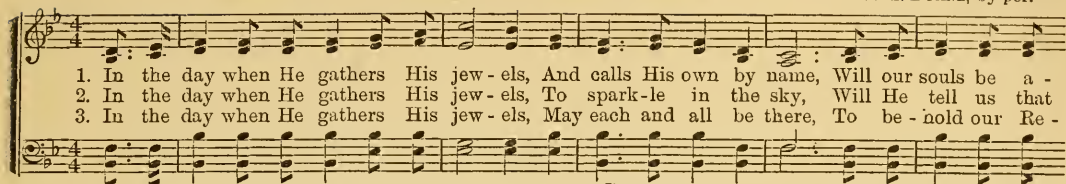
- 3 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues
 of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

WHEN HE COMETH TO GATHER HIS JEWELS.

44-46

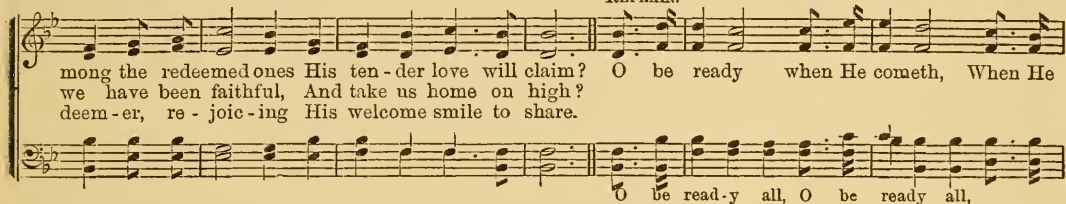
F. J. J.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



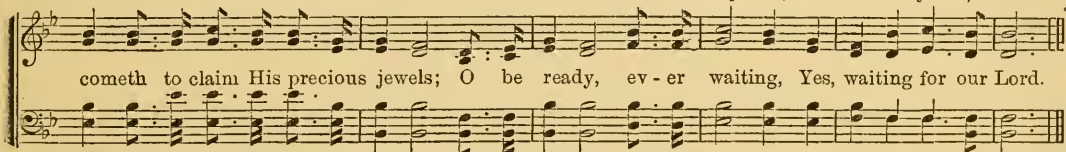
1. In the day when He gathers His jew-els, And calls His own by name, Will our souls be a -
 2. In the day when He gathers His jew-els, To spark-le in the sky, Will He tell us that
 3. In the day when He gathers His jew-els, May each and all be there, To be - hold our Re -

REFRAIN.



mong the redeemed ones His ten - der love will claim? O be ready when He cometh, When He
 we have been faithful, And take us home on high?
 deem - er, re - joic - ing His welcome smile to share.

O be read - y all, O be ready all,



cometh to claim His precious jewels; O be ready, ev - er waiting, Yes, waiting for our Lord.

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45

L. M. Tune—ZEPHYR.

- 1 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could Thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in Thy lips been found.
- 2 I, I alone have done the deed;
 'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn;

My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

46

C. M. Tune—ST. MARTIN'S.

- 1 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame:
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

- 2 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
 With pentecostal grace;
 And make the great salvation known
 Wide as the human race.
- 3 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer.
 And make our hearts Thy home,
 Descend with all Thy gracious power:
 Come, Holy Spirit, come!

I AM SAVED.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free; He has bought with a price E - ven
 2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am "whiter than snow;" He is might - y to save, This I
 3. Wondrous love! wondrous love! Now the gift I re - ceive; I have rest in His word, I be -
 4. I was weak— I am strong In the power of His might; And my darkness He turns In - to

CHORUS.

me, e - ven me. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to my Saviour; Hal - le -
 know, this I know.
 lieve, I be - lieve.
 light, in - to light.

5.
 lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
 Ye His saints everywhere;
 I shall join in the throng
 Over there, over there.

L. M. Tune—HEBBON.

- 1 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King;
 Long ages have prepared Thy way;
 Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
 Set time's great battle in array.
- 2 O fill Thy Church with faith and power,
 Bid her long night of weeping cease;

- To groaning nations haste the hour
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 3 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known,
 Fulfill the Father's high decree;
 Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
 Shall keep her last great jubilee.

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

49, 50

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

DUET SOP. & ALTO. *Gently.*

W. H. DOANE, by per.

QUARTETTE.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, Cleanse me from sin; Make me Thy temple—Dwell Thou therein; Gentle and ho-ly,
 2. May I with ardor Serve Thee each day; Learning to praise Thee, Learning to pray; Filled with Thy Spirit,
 3. Longing for something Earth cannot give, Hoping, and striving, Dai-ly I live; But in Thy presence

CHORUS.

Loving and mild, Make me to worship Thee, as a child. Jesus, Thou on-ly Canst comfort me when
 Lord, I would be Humble and ho-ly, Like un-to Thee.
 Conflict must cease, Saviour, dear Saviour. Grant me Thy peace.

lone-ly; O Je-sus, my Saviour, Draw near un-to me.

4 Cleanse me, oh cleanse me
 From every stain;
 Near me, oh near me
 Ever remain;
 Jesus, my Saviour,
 Never depart;
 Make Thy pure temple
 Here in my heart.

50

C. P. M. Tune—MERIBAH.

1 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before His face appear,
 And by His side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross shall wear the crown

2 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.

OUR HOPE IN JESUS.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. All that have life and breath, Hear what Je - ho - vah saith, Before whose power His foes in ter-ror quail:
 2. When, from His throne on high, In glorious maj - es - ty, God doth pronounce the guilty reb-el's doom,
 3. Lo! Je - sus in - ter-cedes; With lov-ing heart he pleads—Points to His hands, His feet, His pierced side;

"The heavens may pass a-way, Earth and its works de - cay, But my al-mighty word shall never fail."
 Where shall the sin-ner flee? Can there a ref-uge be? Can mercy's light break thro' the dark'ning gloom?
 O Lord, in love we bow; In mer-cy hear us now, We hope a-lone in Je-sus cru - ci - fied.

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52

C. M. Tune—DEDHAM.

- 1 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts!
- 2 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vigorous souls to rise;
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

53

L. M. Tune—WARE.

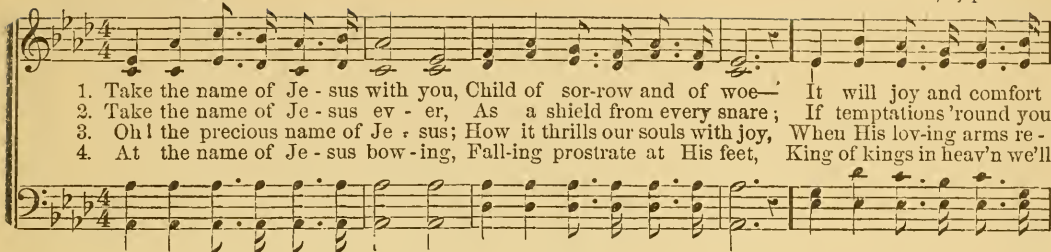
- 1 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 2 Jesus, Thy blood, Thy blood alone,
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make us white as snow;
 No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

PRECIOUS NAME.

54

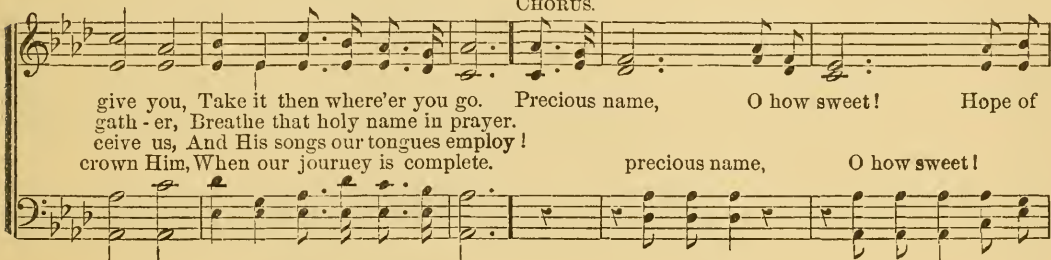
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. H. DOANE, by per.

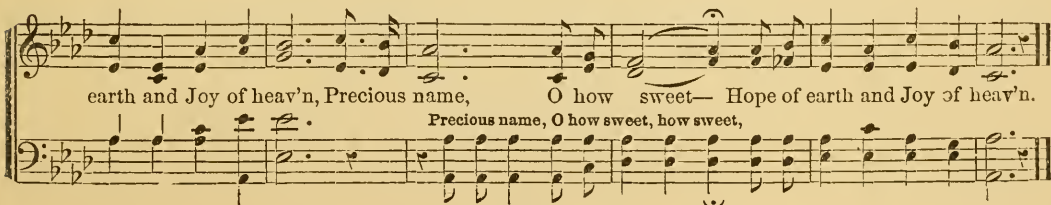


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare; If temptations 'round you
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy, When His lov-ing arms re-
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

CHORUS.



give you, Take it then where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 gath - er, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
 ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 crown Him, When our journey is complete. precious name, O how sweet!



earth and Joy of heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

TRUSTING JESUS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Sim-ply trusting all the way, Taking Je - sus at His word; Simply trusting, when I pray,
 2. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when my heart is glad; Trusting in the gloom of night,
 3. Trusting when 'tis well with me, Trusting what-so-e'er be - fall; Trusting Je - sus' love for me,

REFRAIN.

Ev-ery prom-ise of my Lord. Simply trusting, simply trusting, Trusting Je - sus, that is all;
 When my ev - ery thought is sad.
 Simply trust-ing, that is all.

To the cross of Christ I cling, Simply trusting, that is all.

56

6, 4, 6. *Tune—MORE LOVE TO THEE.*

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
 More love to Thee;
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

- 2 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

57

7s, 6 lines. *Tune—TOPLADY.*

- 1 O the height of Jesus' love!
 Higher than the heavens above,
 Deeper than the depths of sea,
 Lasting as eternity;
 Love that found me, — wondrous
 thought!—
 Found me when I sought Him not!
- 2 Chief of sinners though I be,
 Christ is all in all to me;
 All my wants to Him are known;
 All my sorrows are His own;
 Safe with Him from earthly strife,
 He sustains the hidden life.

HOLY IS THE LORD.

58

Words by Mrs. V.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

Moderato.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple, glad - ly a - dore Him;

Let the mountains trem - ble at His word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him;
d.s. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Migh - ty in wis - dom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King ov - er all.

2 Praise Him, praise Him! shout aloud for joy,
 Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
 Sin and death his kingdom shall destroy;
 All the earth shall sing of his glory;
 Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold him
 Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.

CHORUS.

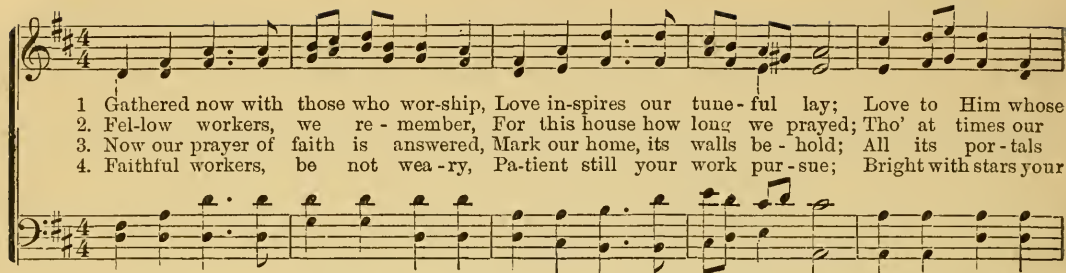
3 King eternal, blessed be His name!
 So may His children gladly adore Him,
 When in heaven we join the happy strain,
 When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
 There in His likeness joyful awaking,
 There we shall see Him, there we shall sing,—CHO.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

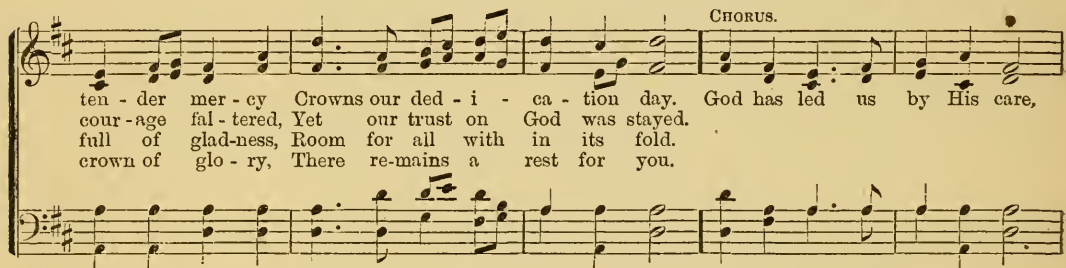
Mrs. V. A.

DEDICATION.

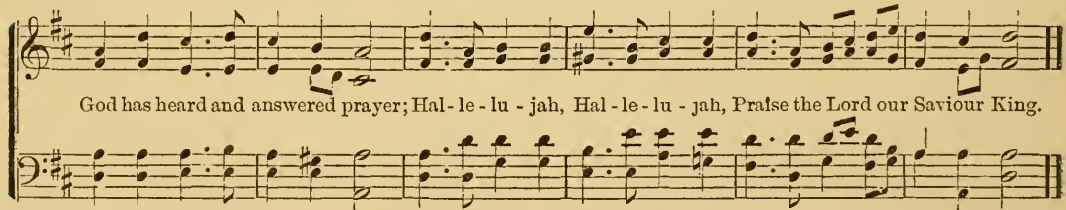
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Gathered now with those who wor-ship, Love in-spires our tune-ful lay; Love to Him whose
 2. Fel-low workers, we re-mem-ber, For this house how long we prayed; Tho' at times our
 3. Now our prayer of faith is answered, Mark our home, its walls be-hold; All its por-tals
 4. Faithful workers, be not wea-ry, Pa-tient still your work pur-sue; Bright with stars your



CHORUS.
 ten-der mer-cy Crowns our ded-i-ca-tion day. God has led us by His care,
 cour-age fal-tered, Yet our trust on God was stayed.
 full of glad-ness, Room for all with in its fold.
 crown of glo-ry, There re-mains a rest for you.



God has heard and answered prayer; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord our Saviour King.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

60, 61

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-iour
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath di -

shine, { I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }
 { And vie with Gabriel while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di - vine.
 vine; { I'd sing His glorious righteousness, }
 { In which all perfect, heav'nly dress } My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

61

8, 7, D. *Tune*—AUTUMN.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare:
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give!
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. See, Je-sus, Thy dis-ci-ples see, The promised bless-ing give; Met in Thy name, we

CHO. D. S.—O speak the soul - re -

look to Thee, Ex-pecting to re-ceive. We look to Thee, our gracious Lord, The breath of life to give;

living word: "The Holy Ghost re-ceive."

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord, 3 With us Thou art assembled here, 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
 Who in Thy name are joined; But O Thyself reveal; And these dry bones shall live;
 We wait, according to Thy word, Son of the living God, appear; Speak peace into our hearts, and say:
 Thee in the midst to find.—Cho. Let us Thy presence feel.—Cho. "The Holy Ghost receive."—Cho.

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GEORGE RAWSON.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. And will the mighty God, Whom heaven cannot contain, Make me His temple and a-bode. Make

FRUITAGE. CONCLUDED.

64

me His temple and a - bode, And in me live and reign, And in me live, and reign?

2 Come, Spirit of the Lord,
Teacher and heavenly Guide;
||: Be it according to Thy word, :||
||: And in my heart reside. :||

3 Make it my highest bliss,
Thy blessed fruits to know;
||: Thy joy, and peace, and gentle-
ness, :||
||: Goodness and faith to show. :||

4 Be it my greatest fear,
Thy holiness to grieve;
||: Walk in the Spirit ever here, :||
||: And in the Spirit live. :||

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64

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ART THOU WEARY?

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at

rest, be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side, and His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns, but of thorns."

4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away, pass away."

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
 2. O per - fect re - demption, the purchase of blood, To ev - ery be - liev - er the promise of God ;
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son ;

Who yield-ed His life an a - tonement for sin, And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.
 The vil - est of-fend - er who tru - ly believes, That moment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives.
 But pur - er, and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our transport when Je - sus we see.
D. S. O come to the Fu - ther, thro' Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the earth hear His voice, Let the peo - ple re - joice.

66

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Com - ing, com - ing, we are com - ing To Thy tem - ple, gra - cious Lord, To re - ceive the
2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, we are sing - ing How Thy wondrous love, so free, Floweth on - ward
3. Pray - ing, pray - ing, we are praying That Thy Spir - it, like a dove, May de - scend with

bles - ed teach - ing Of Thy pure and per - fect Word; Meek - ly would we learn our du - ty,
ev - er on - ward, Like a vast and might - y sea; And our souls mount up with gladness
gifts of mer - cy From Thy gracious hand a - bove; Lord we ask, that, by Thy watch - care,

Learn it kneeling at Thy feet, While a radiance from Thy glory Cov - ers all the mer - cy - seat.
While we swell the loft - y strain, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb for sinners slain!"
We may all pro - tect - ed be, Ev - ry hand be quick to la - bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee.

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.

1. Can my soul find rest from sorrow? Can my sins for-giv-en be? Must I wait un-til to
d. s. Will He lift this vale of

FINE. D.S.
morrow Ere my Saviour speaks to me? Will He speak in words of kindness? Will He wash away my sin?
blindness, And remove this deadly pain?

- 2 O the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!
- 3 Now He hears me, He will save me,
I behold His shining face,
Hear Him whisper He will have me—
O the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How He cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
With the blessings of His Love.

- Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

69

S. M. Tune—KENTUCKY.

- 1 The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

68

C. M. Tune—ANTIOCH.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;

LET US WORK.

70-72

W. S.

WM. STEVENSON, by per.

1. Let us work for the Sav-iour now, Nor wait for the mor-row's dawn; For this
2. Let us work with a ten-der love For souls we would strive to win, With a
life soon may pass a-way, And death's gloomy night come on.
love that shall melt their hearts, And draw from the paths of sin.

3 Let us work with a burning zeal
For God and His kingdom here,
With a courage that falters not,
Norshrinks when the danger's near.

4 Let us work with abiding faith,
That God will our work approve-
That we never shall toil in vain.
But find our reward above.

71

S. M. *Tune*—GREENWOOD.

- 1 Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

72

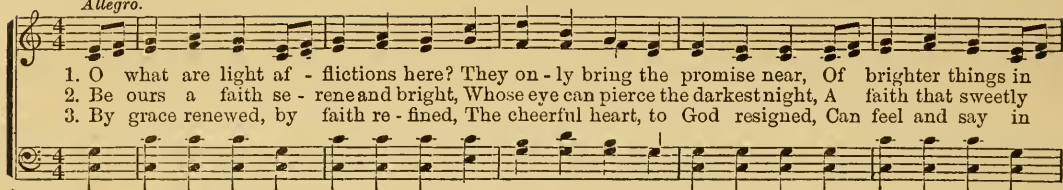
C. M. *Tune*—DOWNS.

- 1 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 2 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

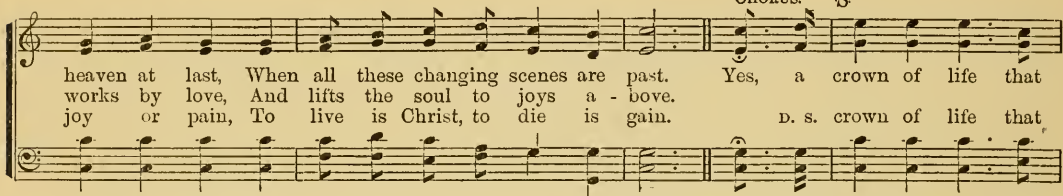
MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

Allegro.

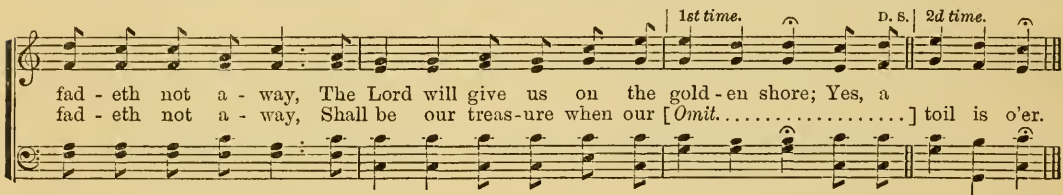
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. O what are light af - fictions here? They on - ly bring the promise near, Of brighter things in
 2. Be ours a faith se - rene and bright, Whose eye can pierce the darkest night, A faith that sweetly
 3. By grace renewed, by faith re - fined, The cheerful heart, to God resigned, Can feel and say in

CHORUS. *S.*


heaven at last, When all these changing scenes are past. Yes, a crown of life that
 works by love, And lifts the soul to joys a - bove.
 joy or pain, To live is Christ, to die is gain. D. S. crown of life that



fad - eth not a - way, The Lord will give us on the gold - en shore; Yes, a
 fad - eth not a - way, Shall be our treas - ure when our [*Omit.*.....] toil is o'er.

74

H. M. Tune—LENOX.

1 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

2 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

3 My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

PEACE IN JESUS.

75

Rev. A. KENYON.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. O the peace that in Je - sus I find! How it cheers me a - mid all my care; It is sweet to the
 2. Yes, I know that my Saviour is mine, That He never will leave me to die; Tho' in weakness I
 3. By His Spir - it He dwells with me now, And His voice is so gen - tle and still; As before Him in
 4. Then still nearer to Him may I live; More and more of His love, is my prayer; Every blessing I

REFRAIN. *m*

sor - row - ing mind, In this precious sal - va - tion to share. O the peace, O the peace That my
 oft - en re - pine, He will fill all my soul by and by.
 worship I bow, It is sweet to submit to His will.
 need will He give, And re - ceive me at home o - ver there.

sweet peace, sweet peace,

p *pp* *m*

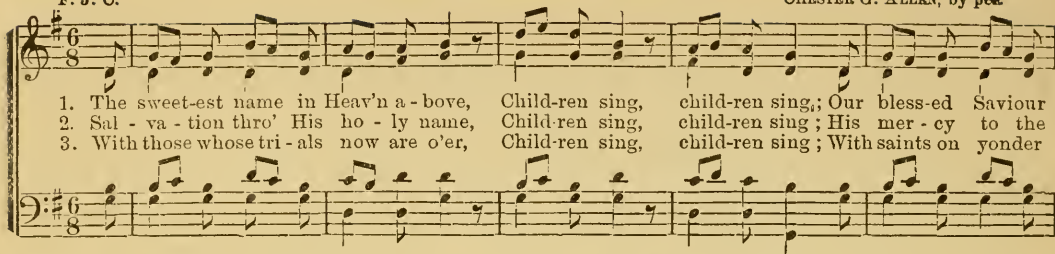
Saviour has given to me! O the peace, O the peace That my Saviour has given to me!

sweet peace sweet peace, sweet peace,

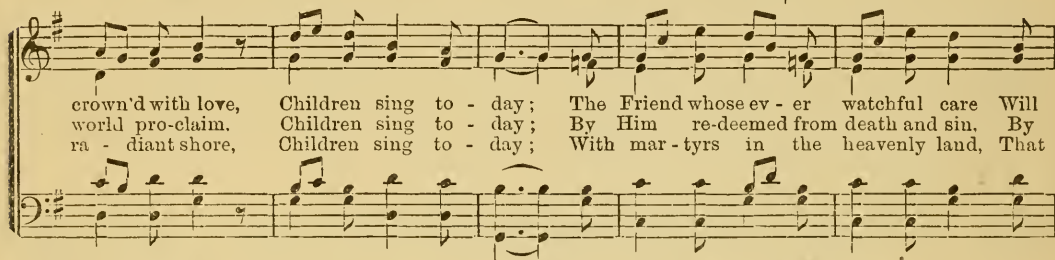
THE SWEETEST NAME.

F. J. C.

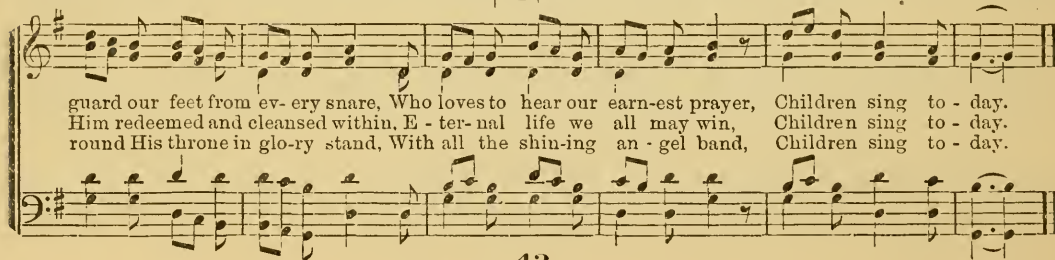
CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.



1. The sweet-est name in Heav'n a - bove, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; Our bless-ed Saviour
 2. Sal - va - tion thro' His ho - ly name, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; His mer - cy to the
 3. With those whose tri - als now are o'er, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; With saints on yonder



crown'd with love, Children sing to - day; The Friend whose ev - er watchful care Will
 world pro-claim, Children sing to - day; By Him re-deemed from death and sin, By
 ra - diant shore, Children sing to - day; With mar - tyr's in the heavenly land, That



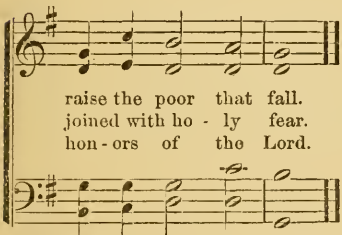
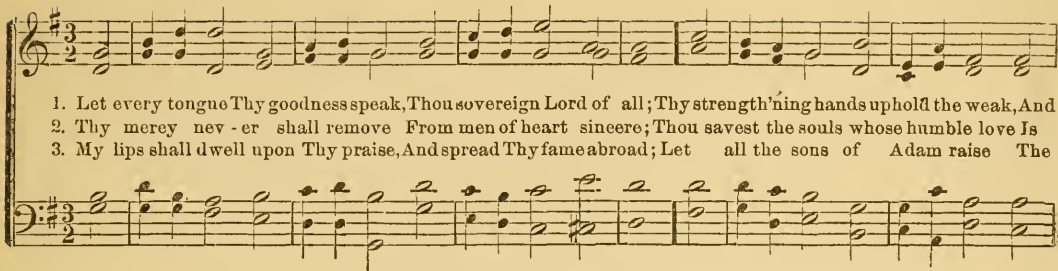
guard our feet from ev - ery snare, Who loves to hear our earn-est prayer, Children sing to - day.
 Him redeemed and cleansed within, E - ter - nal life we all may win, Children sing to - day.
 round His throne in glo - ry stand, With all the shin - ing an - gel band, Children sing to - day.

PROSPERITY. C. M.

77—80

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

R. LOWRY, by per.



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78

C. M. Tune—STEPHENS.

- 1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
- 2 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

- 3 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

79

S. M. Tune—BOYLSTON.

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;

This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

80

S. M. Tune—LABAN.

- 1 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 2 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 3 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Go forth! young soldiers of the Cross, The bat-tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, For
 2. Be watchful! army of the Cross, The foe is lurking nigh; A soul must be the mighty loss If
 3. Rejoice! young soldiers of the Cross, The vic-to - ry is sure; The harp, the palm, are waiting all Who

Christ to live or die; Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Je - sus leads us on; We
 but one sol - dier die; When-e'er you dare the hos-tile ranks, For-get not that with-in There
 to the end en-dure; Your wea-ry feet shall walk the street All paved with gold on high, And

CHORUS.
 will not lay our weapons by, Un - til we wear the crown. There's a crown of glory for you, There's a
 hides a most ter-rif-ic foe, The wil - y in-bred sin.
 He who wore a crown of thorns Will crown you in the sky.

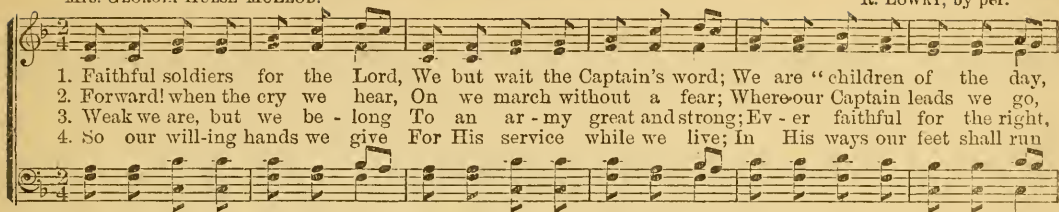
crown of glo-ry for me, There's a crown for you, There's a crown for me, Far away in the promised land.

MARCHING ON TO BATTLE.

82, 83

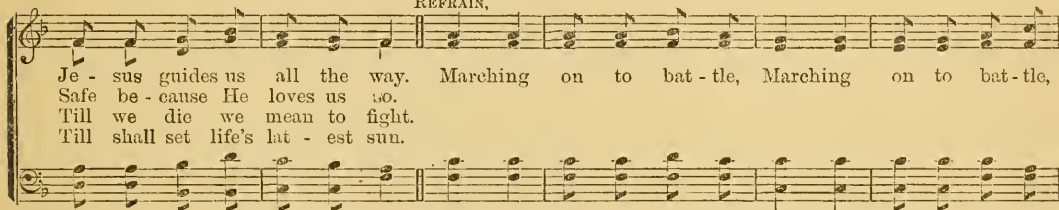
Mrs. GEORGIA HULSE McLEOD.

R. LOWRY, by per.

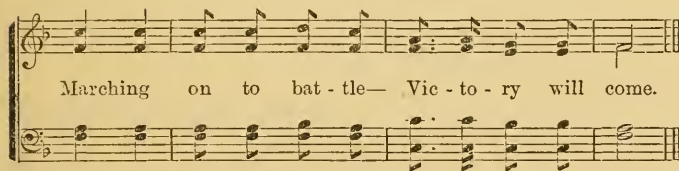


1. Faithful soldiers for the Lord, We but wait the Captain's word; We are "children of the day,
 2. Forward! when the cry we hear, On we march without a fear; Where our Captain leads we go,
 3. Weak we are, but we be - long To an ar - my great and strong; Ev - er faithful for the right,
 4. So our will - ing hands we give For His service while we live; In His ways our feet shall run

REFRAIN,



Je - sus guides us all the way. Marching on to bat - tle, Marching on to bat - tle,
 Safe be - cause He loves us so.
 Till we die we mean to fight.
 Till shall set life's lat - est sun.



Marching on to bat - tle— Vic - to - ry will come.

- 5 Eyes will search His blessed word,
 Ears will listen for our Lord,
 Tongues His goodness will declare,
 Lips will praise Him everywhere.
 6 Now we tread the heavenly way,
 Getting nearer every day;
 There we'll lay our armor down.
 There we'll wear our starry crown.

83

C. M. Tune—COWPER.

1 O what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

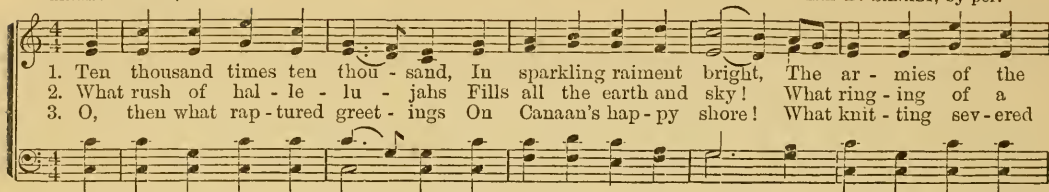
2 Whoever will—O gracious word!
 May of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsting souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink, for Jesus' sake.

3 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And, drink, adore, and bless.

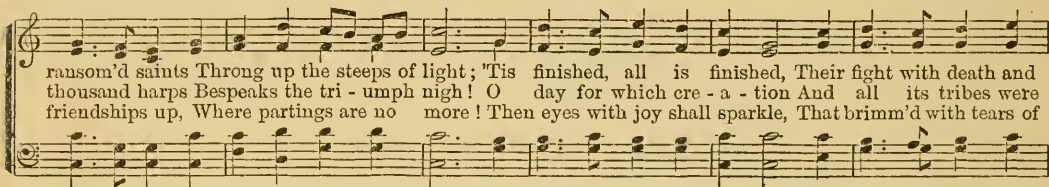
TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

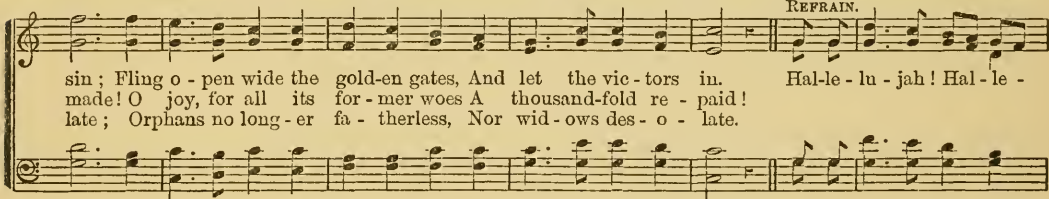


1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar - mies of the
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky! What ring - ing of a
 3. O, then what rap - tured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore! What knit - ting sev - ered

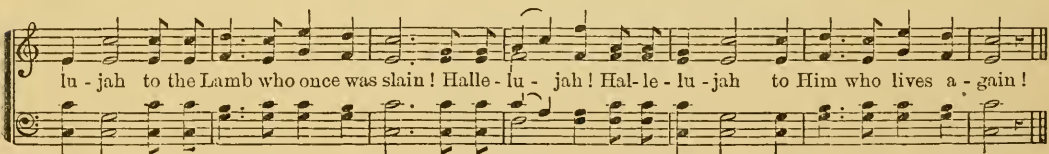


ransom'd saints Throng up the steep's of light; 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and
 thousand harps Bespeaks the tri - umph nigh! O day for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were
 friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of

REFRAIN.



sin; Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic - tors in. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 made! O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
 late; Orphans no long - er fa - therless, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.



lu - jah to the Lamb who once was slain! Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to Him who lives a - gain!

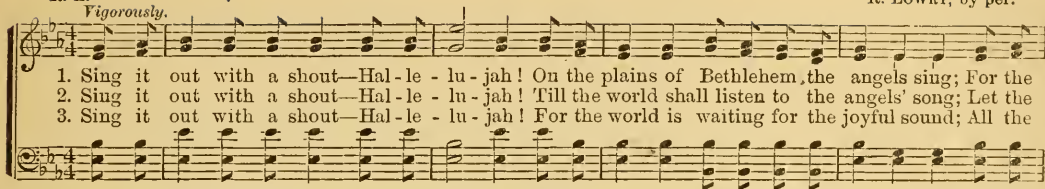
SING IT OUT WITH A SHOUT.

85

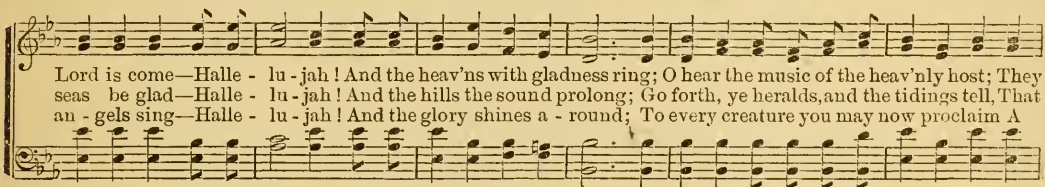
R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

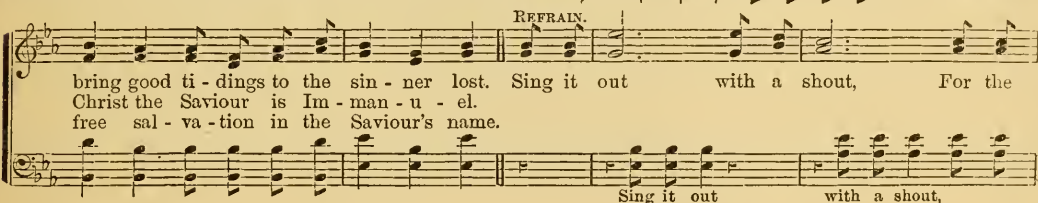
Vigorously.



1. Sing it out with a shout—Hal-le-lu-jah! On the plains of Bethlehem, the angels sing; For the
 2. Sing it out with a shout—Hal-le-lu-jah! Till the world shall listen to the angels' song; Let the
 3. Sing it out with a shout—Hal-le-lu-jah! For the world is waiting for the joyful sound; All the

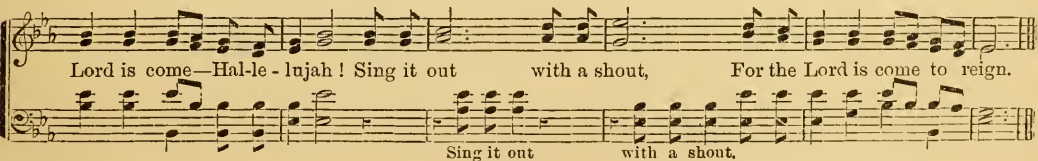


Lord is come—Hal-le-lu-jah! And the heav'n's with gladness ring; O hear the music of the heav'nly host; They
 seas be glad—Hal-le-lu-jah! And the hills the sound prolong; Go forth, ye heralds, and the tidings tell, That
 an-gels sing—Hal-le-lu-jah! And the glory shines a-round; To every creature you may now proclaim A



REFRAIN.
 bring good ti-dings to the sin-ner lost. Sing it out with a shout, For the
 Christ the Saviour is Im-man-u-el.
 free sal-va-tion in the Saviour's name.

Sing it out with a shout,

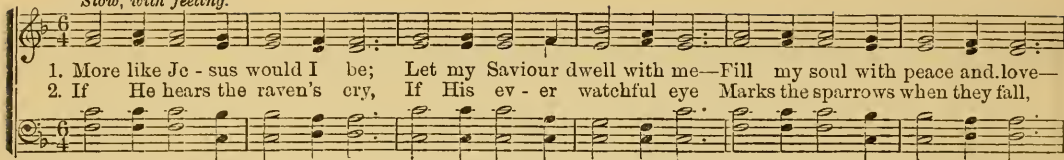


Lord is come—Hal-le-lu-jah! Sing it out with a shout, For the Lord is come to reign.

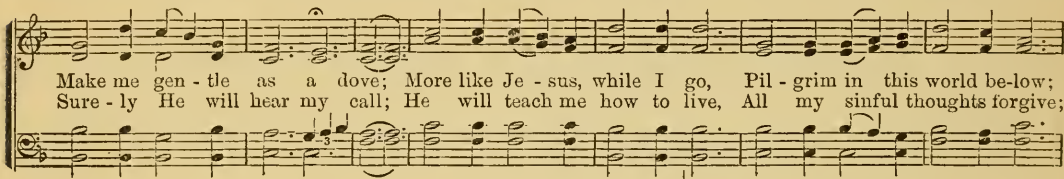
Sing it out with a shout,

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Slow, with feeling.

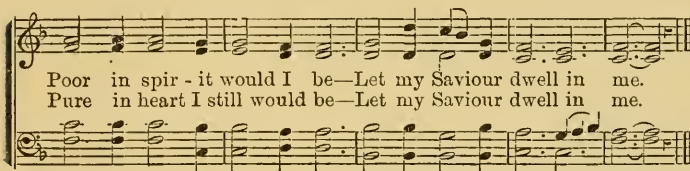
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me—Fill my soul with peace and love—
2. If He hears the raven's cry, If His ev - er watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,



Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be-low;
Sure - ly He will hear my call; He will teach me how to live, All my sinful thoughts forgive;



Poor in spir - it would I be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide,
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

87

L. M. Tune—I'M GOING HOME.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
3 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

FOR THIS WE PRAY.

88—92

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Lord, this lesson brighten, Ev - ery mind en - lighten, With Thy Spir-it's ray—For this we pray.
 2. Make our conscience tender, While Thy truth we render; Fill our hearts to-day—For this we pray.
 3. In Thy pasture guide us, Do Thou walk be - side us, With us ev - er stay—For this we pray.
 4. Lord, a - bove us hov - er, Help us to dis - cov - er Christ, the Living Way—For this we pray.

89

L. M. Tune—HEBRON.

- 1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 3 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Th midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

90

C. M. Tune—CORONATION.

- 1 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

- 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 2 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 3 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

91

C. M. Tune—MELODY.

- 1 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.
- 2 Jesus, Thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

92

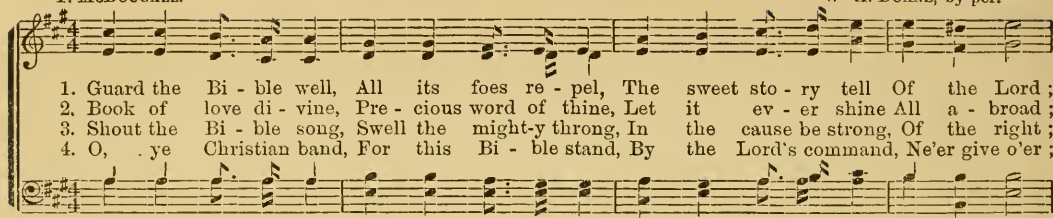
C. M. Tune—MEAR.

- 1 The head that once was crowned
with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven af -
fords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

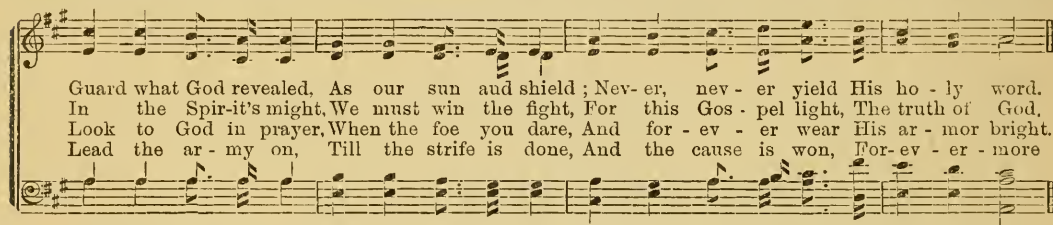
THE BIBLE SONG.

T. McDOUGALL.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

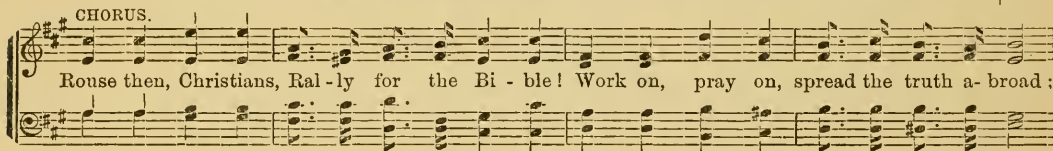


1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell Of the Lord ;
 2. Book of love di - vine, Pre - cious word of thine, Let it ev - er shine All a - broad ;
 3. Shout the Bi - ble song, Swell the might-y throng, In the cause be strong, Of the right ;
 4. O, ye Christian band, For this Bi - ble stand, By the Lord's command, Ne'er give o'er ;

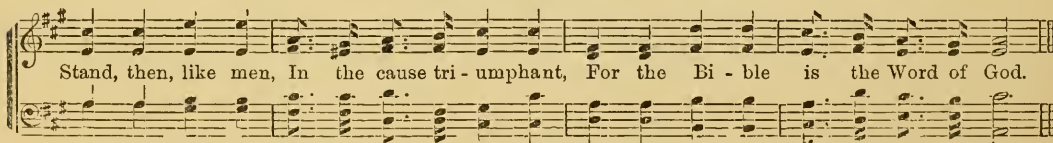


Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield ; Nev - er, nev - er yield His ho - ly word.
 In the Spir - it's might, We must win the fight, For this Gos - pel light, The truth of God,
 Look to God in prayer, When the foe you dare, And for - ev - er wear His ar - mor bright.
 Lead the ar - my on, Till the strife is done, And the cause is won, For - ev - er - more

CHORUS.



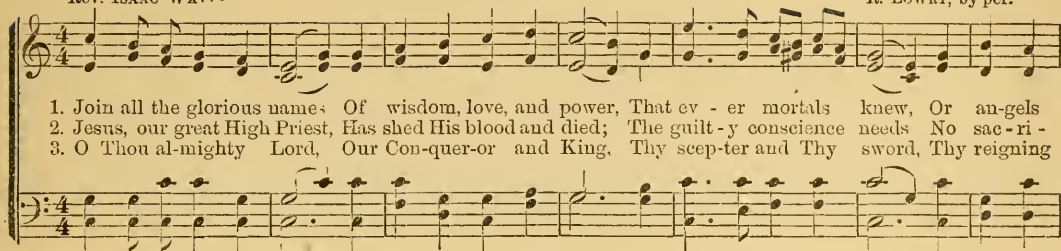
Rouse then, Christians, Ral - ly for the Bi - ble ! Work on, pray on, spread the truth a - broad ;



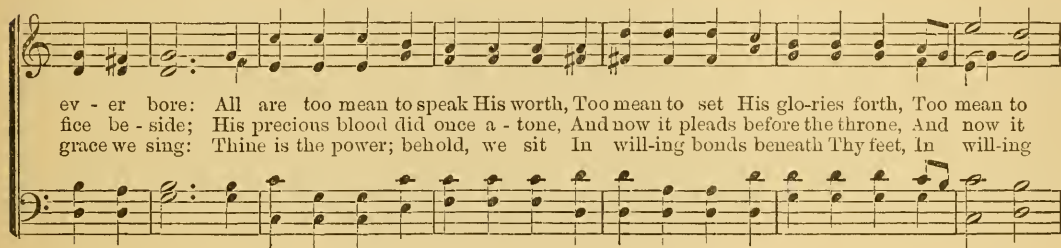
Stand, then, like men, In the cause tri - umphant, For the Bi - ble is the Word of God.

REV. ISAAC WATTS

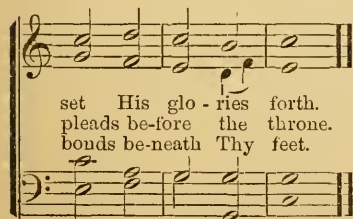
R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Join all the glorious name: Of wisdom, love, and power, That ev - er mortals knew, Or an-gels
 2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has shed His blood and died; The guilt-y conscience needs No sac-ri-
 3. O Thou al-mighty Lord, Our Con-quer-or and King, Thy scept-er and Thy sword, Thy reigning



ev - er bore: All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set His glo-ries forth, Too mean to
 fice be - side; His precious blood did once a - tone, And now it pleads before the throne, And now it
 grace we sing: Thine is the power; behold, we sit In will-ing bonds beneath Thy feet, In will-ing



set His glo - ries forth.
 pleads be-fore the throne.
 bonds be-neath Thy feet.

95

6, 9. *Tune*—RAPTURE.

1 O how happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 O that all His salvation might see!
 "He hath loved me," I cried,
 "He hath suffered and died
 To redeem even rebels like me."

96, 97

WILL. ELLSWORTH WITTER.

COME, SINNER, COME.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
 2. Are you too heavy - la - den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
 3. Oh! hear His tender pleading. Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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97

WM. B. COLLYER.

ANOTHER FLEETING DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. An-oth-er fleeting day is gone; Slow o'er the west the shadows rise; Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 2. Soon shall a darker night descend, And veil from me yon azure skies; And soon shall death's oppressive hand
 3. Yet when beneath the dreadful shade, I lay my weary frame to rest, That night shall not make me afraid;

ANOTHER FLEETING DAY. CONCLUDED.

98

CHORUS.

And night's dark mantle veils the skies. Peacefully rest, Peacefully rest, Rest till the morning, Peacefully rest.
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

98

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, O Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at Thy cross I

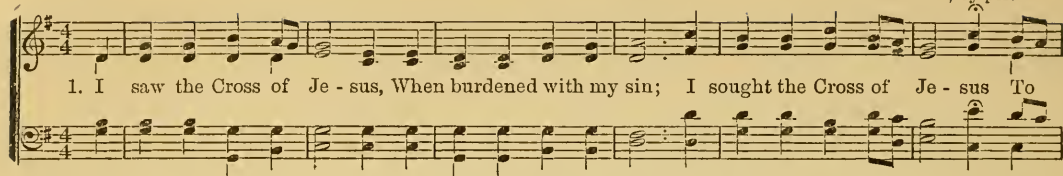
dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.
bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore. Cho.

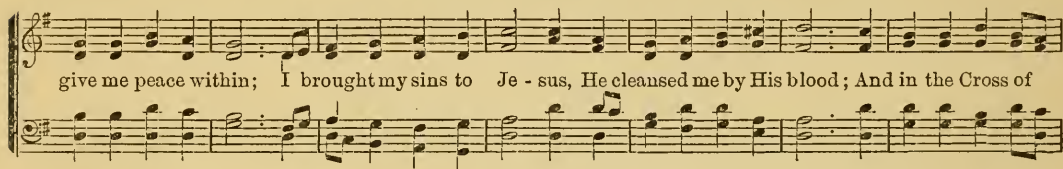
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. Cho.

ANON.

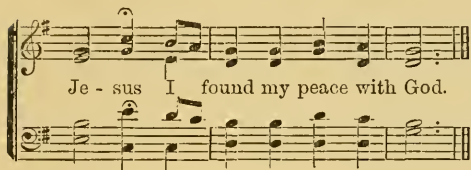
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. I saw the Cross of Je - sus, When burdened with my sin; I sought the Cross of Je - sus To



give me peace within; I brought my sins to Je - sus, He cleansed me by His blood; And in the Cross of



Je - sus I found my peace with God.

2 I love the Cross of Jesus,
It tells me what I am,—
A vile and guilty creature
Saved only thro' the Lamb;
No righteousness or merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the Cross of Jesus
My title there I read.

3 I clasp the Cross of Jesus
In every trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never failing tower;
In every fear and conflict,
I more than conquer am;
Living I'm safe,—or dying,—
Thro' Christ the risen Lamb.

100

C. M. Tune—ARLINGTON.

1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, thro' good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

101

C. M. Tune—HEBER.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

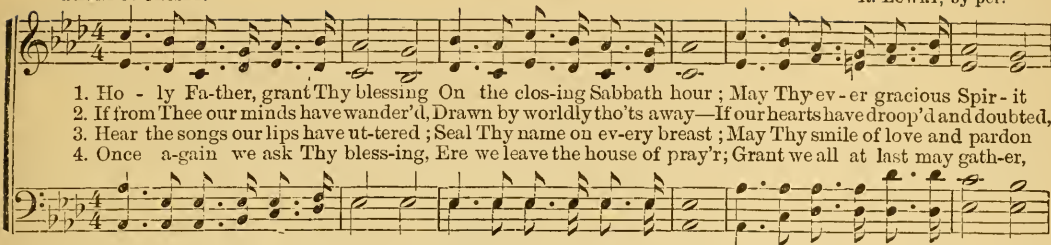
3 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

EVERY ONE.

102

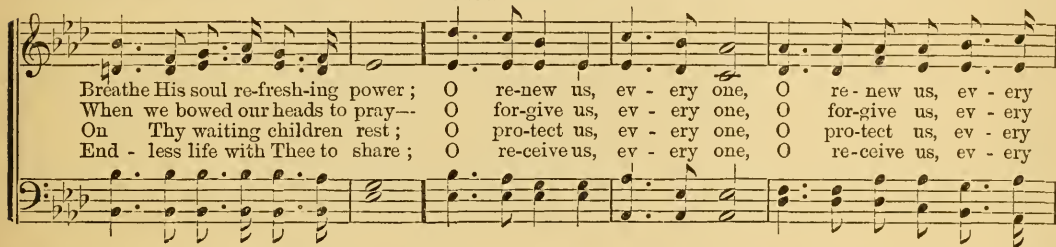
FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY, by per.

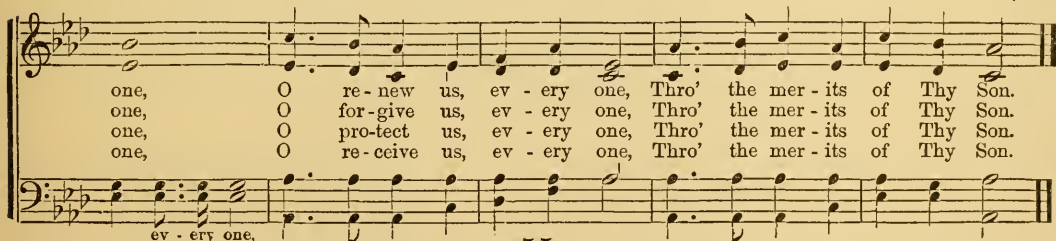


1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, grant Thy blessing On the clos-ing Sabbath hour ; May Thy ev - er gracious Spir - it
 2. If from Thee our minds have wander'd, Drawn by worldly tho'ts away — If our hearts have droop'd and doubted,
 3. Hear the songs our lips have ut-tered ; Seal Thy name on ev-ery breast ; May Thy smile of love and pardon
 4. Once a-gain we ask Thy bless-ing, Ere we leave the house of pray'r ; Grant we all at last may gath-er,

CHORUS.



Breathe His soul re-fresh-ing power ; O re-new us, ev - ery one, O re - new us, ev - ery
 When we bowed our heads to pray-- O for-give us, ev - ery one, O for-give us, ev - ery
 On Thy waiting children rest ; O pro-tect us, ev - ery one, O pro-tect us, ev - ery
 End - less life with Thee to share ; O re-ceive us, ev - ery one, O re-ceive us, ev - every



one, O re - new us, ev - every one, Thro' the mer - its of Thy Son.
 one, O for - give us, ev - every one, Thro' the mer - its of Thy Son.
 one, O pro - tect us, ev - every one, Thro' the mer - its of Thy Son.
 one, O re - ceive us, ev - every one, Thro' the mer - its of Thy Son.

ev - ery one,

1. O Spirit of Truth from the Father a - bove, Come dwell in my heart, ev - ery i - dol remove; I
 2. The riches of grace and its fullness un - fold, And teach me to trust where I can-not be-hold; O
 3. O Spirit of Love! my Re - deemer doth send My Teacher and Guide, my Protector and Friend; I

need Thee to counsel, to comfort and cheer, I need Thee to warn me when dangers are near.
 why am I doubting and read - y to fall, When Thou art so will - ing to answer my call?
 see not be - fore me one step by the way, But Thou art my Safeguard by night and by day.

REFRAIN.

O blessed Comfort-er, draw me to Thee; I need Thee, I need Thee, O dwell Thou with me.

104

C. M. Tune—DOWNS.

- 1 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.
- 2 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,

- Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.
- 3 Courage, my soul! on God rely;
 Deliverance soon will come;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

105

W. H. D.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. No one knows but Jesus How sin - ful I have been; No one knows but Je - sus All my heart within;
 2. No one knows but Jesus How oft His name I plead; No one knows but Je - sus Every thing I need;
 3. No one else like Jesus So read - y to forgive—Pledge and promise broken Nearer Him to live;

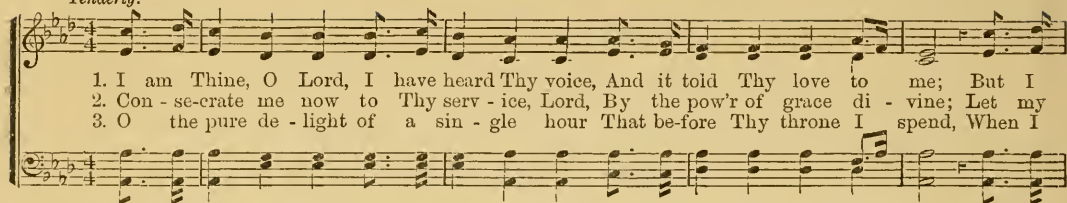
D. S. No one knows but Je - sus My conflicts day by day; No one like Je - sus guid - eth my way.
 No one knows but Je - sus How humble I would be; No one like Je - sus car - eth for me.
 No one knows but Je - sus The se - cret tears that fall; No one like Je - sus hears when I call.

No one like Je - sus Tempta - tion can feel; No one like Je - sus my sor - row can heal.
 No one like Je - sus Will comfort and cheer, Pit - y my weakness, and ban - ish my fear.
 No one but Je - sus My ref - uge shall be, No one will love me so dear - ly as He.

DRAW ME NEARER.

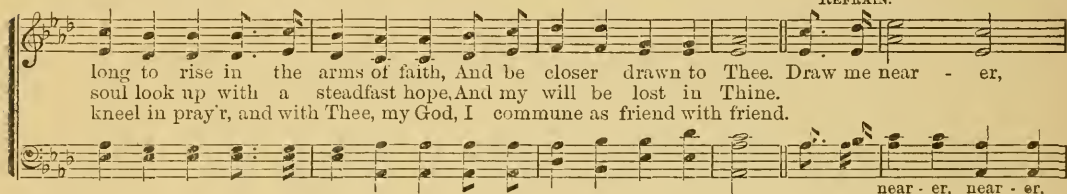
FANNY J. CROSBY.
Tenderly.

WM. H. DOANE, by per.



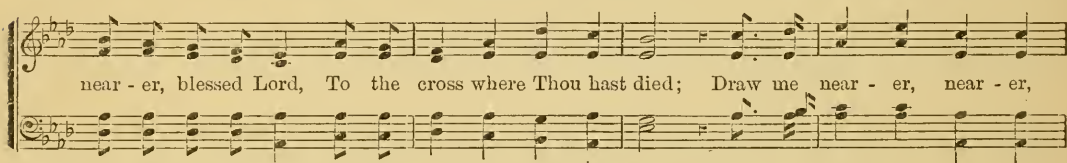
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I

REFRAIN.



long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
 soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.

near - er, near - er,



near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,



nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

4.

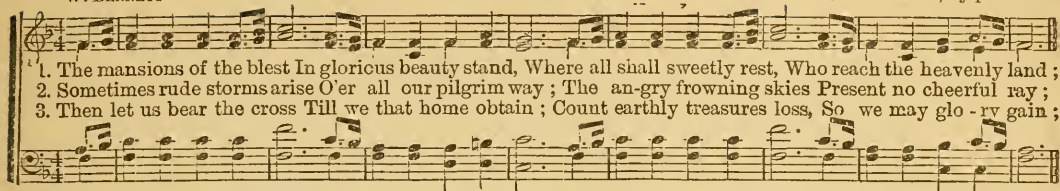
There are depths of love that I cannot know
 Till I cross the narrow sea,
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.
 REF. Draw me nearer, &c.

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

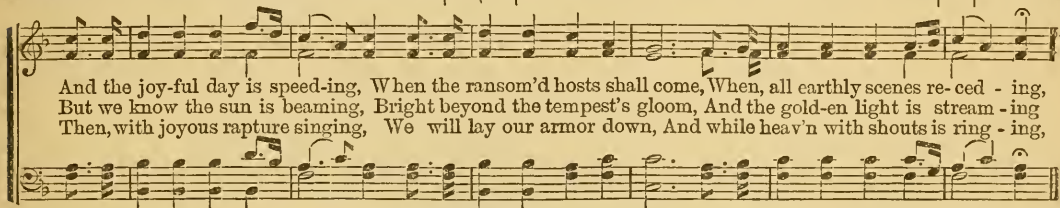
107

W. BENNETT

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

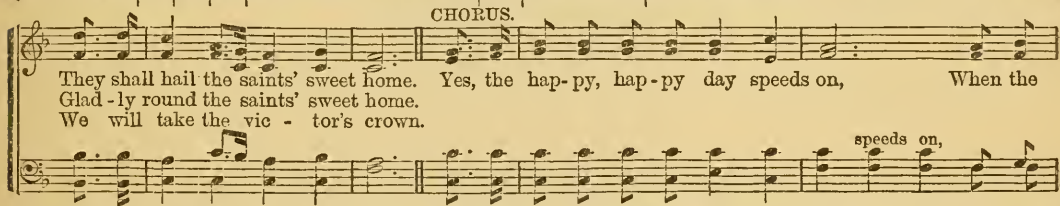


1. The mansions of the blest In glorious beauty stand, Where all shall sweetly rest, Who reach the heavenly land ;
 2. Sometimes rude storms arise O'er all our pilgrim way ; The an-gry frowning skies Present no cheerful ray ;
 3. Then let us bear the cross Till we that home obtain ; Count earthly treasures loss, So we may glo - ry gain ;

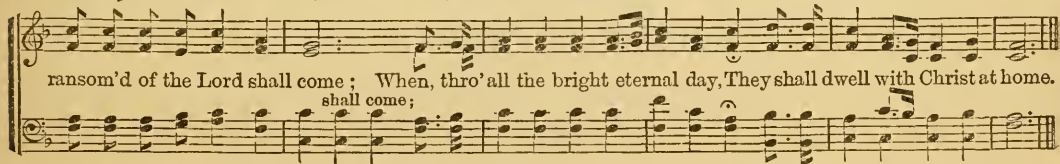


And the joy-ful day is speed-ing, When the ransom'd hosts shall come, When, all earthly scenes re- ced - ing,
 But we know the sun is beaming, Bright beyond the tempest's gloom, And the gold-en light is stream - ing
 Then, with joyous rapture singing, We will lay our armor down, And while heav'n with shouts is ring - ing,

CHORUS.



They shall hail the saints' sweet home. Yes, the hap-py, hap-py day speeds on, When the
 Glad-ly round the saints' sweet home.
 We will take the vic - tor's crown.



ransom'd of the Lord shall come ; When, thro' all the bright eternal day, They shall dwell with Christ at home.
 shall come ;

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1867.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Can you stand for God, tho' you stand alone, With your heart at rest, and your soul secure? With the
 2. Can you stand for God when the heart grows faint, And your sad soul looks thro' the blinding tears? Can you
 3. Can you stand with faith, tho' the time be long, Tho' the night be dark and the day-star dim? Can you

CHORUS.

rock beneath, and in front the throne, Can you stand and still endure? Can you stand, can you stand, Can you
 bear life's sorrows without complaint, Thro' the tedious, toilsome years?
 stand for truth, and in Christ be strong, 'Till you stand complete in Him?

Can you stand. can you stand, &c.

stand for Christ alone? If we stand in the strife 'till the end of life, We shall stand at the heavenly throne.

TILL THE SAVIOUR COMES.

109—111

Miss KATE SMILEY.

DUET. SOP. & TENOR.

CHORUS.

DUET.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Bright till our Lord's re - turning, Till the Saviour comes; Oh, may our lamps be burning,
 2. Watch, while our burden bearing, Till the Saviour comes; Pray, while our la - bor sharing,
 3. Count ev - ery pain a pleasure, Till the Saviour comes; Trust for our heavenly treasure,

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.
 Till the Saviour comes. Here in sweet communion, Watching, waiting ev - er, Let us dwell in

bonds of un - ion Till the Sav - iour comes.

4.

Love be our joyful story,
 Till the Saviour comes,—
 Love and our home in glory,
 Till the Saviour comes.

110

7s. *Tune*—HENDON.

- 1 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 2 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear;
 To Thy Church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.

- 3 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.

111

C. M. *Tune*—FOUNTAIN.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known to Thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun Thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of Thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.

THE HUMBLE HEART.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Dear Saviour, let Thy watchful eye Pro - tect me day by day, That from the precious fold I love, My
 2. I want Thy Spirit's gentle power, My constant guide to be; I want Thy love, Thy tender care, To
 3. In sweet submission may I walk A - long the shining way, 'Till Thou my Saviour call me home, To

CHORUS.

heart may nev-er stray. Make me humble, lov-ing, du-ti-ful; Make Thy home within me beautiful;
 bind me close to Thee.
 realms of endless day.

Cleanse my heart from sin; Let no stranger in.

113 DOXOLOGY. *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED.

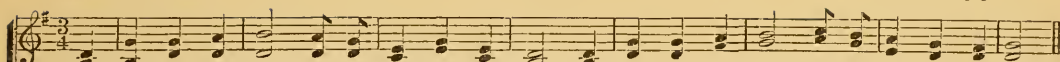
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CLEANSED BY THE BLOOD.

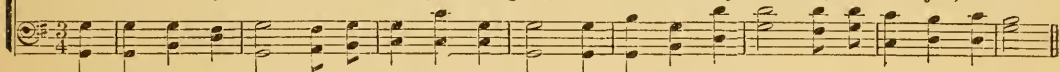
114, 115

FANNY J. CROSBY.

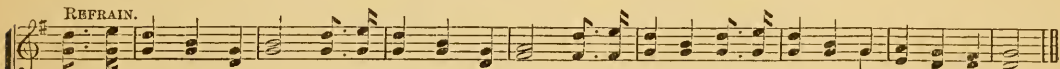
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. We're cleansed by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je-sus our Lord, When He languished and died.
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
3. We're cleansed by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the soul, And its hope ev - ery hour.
4. That blood is a fount Where the vilest may go, And wash till their souls Shall be whiter than snow.
5. We're cleansed by the blood, Halle-lu - jah a - gain; We're cleansed by the blood, Halle-lu - jah, A-men.



REFRAIN.

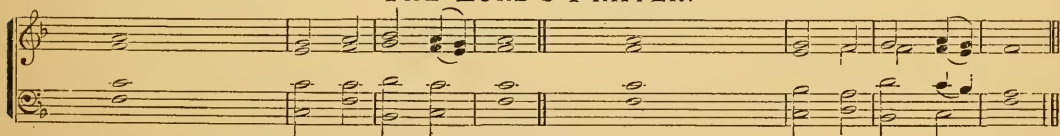


Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For redemption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle-lu-jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.



115

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



- 1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, .. as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

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